



3 1822 00315 6874

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
SITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

TRANSACTIONS OF THE

CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

INCORPORATED A. D. 1799

VOLUME 14, PAGES 237-290

JULY, 1909

The Poems of Thomas Third Lord Fairfax

From MS. Fairfax 40

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford

BY

EDWARD BLISS REED

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

YALE UNIVERSITY



NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

1909

ifornia
onal
ity

4

91
C152
d.2

4.12.07

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA



3 1822 00315 6874

TRANSACTIONS OF THE

CONNECTICUT ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

INCORPORATED A. D. 1799

VOLUME 14, PAGES 237-290

JULY, 1909

The Poems of Thomas Third Lord Fairfax

From MS. Fairfax 40

In the Bodleian Library, Oxford

BY

EDWARD BLISS REED

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

YALE UNIVERSITY



NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

1909

IV.—THE POEMS OF THOMAS THIRD LORD FAIRFAX.

(From the Bodleian MS. Fairfax 40; formerly MS. Add. A. 120.)

In the annals of England the name of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax, is deservedly illustrious. As a general, he was an intrepid fighter and a skilful commander; in his private life, a man of scholarly tastes, happy in his country estates, which he preferred to the court. Policy and self-advancement were far from his thoughts, despite his great opportunities for aggrandizement; and the simplicity of his character, at which his enemies sneered, was but a proof of his sincerity. To sketch his life in detail is unnecessary, yet his poems will gain significance if, in the briefest manner, we review his interesting career.

The son of Fernandino, second Lord Fairfax, and Mary, daughter of Lord Sheffield, he was born at Denton, Yorkshire, in 1612, of a family long distinguished for its soldierly qualities. In 1620 his grand-father, Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, then a man of sixty, joined, with two of his sons, the single regiment sent by James I to the support of the Elector of the Palatinate. He was obliged to return to England to take part in the Parliamentary elections, but his two sons died at Frankenthal at the head of their troops. Fernandino did not make this campaign, and his father spoke of him as a "tolerable country justice, but a mere coward at fighting"¹; yet Fernandino took the field against Charles I, and certainly did not deserve this taunt.

The early years of our poet were spent in Yorkshire, and he undoubtedly enjoyed in his first studies the guidance of his great uncle, Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso. In 1626 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he remained four years, and then, following the family traditions, he went to the Low Countries, to serve under Lord Vere against the Spaniards. Another young volunteer in the same camp was Turenne. After witnessing the capture of Bois-le-Duc, he traveled and studied in France for eighteen months, returned to England in 1632, and requested permission to volunteer under Gustavus Adolphus, but his family opposed it, and he retired to the Yorkshire estates to live the life of a country gentle-

¹ *A Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*, by Clements R. Markham, London, 1870, p. 12

man. In 1637 he married the daughter of his commander, Anne Vere, a woman of energy and courage, who followed her husband to the field, shared his dangers (she was once taken prisoner by the Royalists) and, in no small measure, determined his career.¹

In the two brief and inglorious Scottish campaigns, Fairfax joined the King's army, but when in 1642 Charles came to Yorkshire to seize the supplies at Hull, and raise troops against Parliament, the Yorkshire gentry who opposed the King looked to Fairfax for leadership. He was entrusted with a formal protest against the King's actions, and, despite repulses, succeeded in laying this document on the royal saddle at Heyworth Moor, where Charles was endeavoring to win over the gentry of the shire. Fairfax thus showed the world on which side he would be found, and in the Yorkshire campaign that followed, he fought with the greatest courage. Undaunted by defeat, fearing no odds, on at least one occasion he attacked a force that outnumbered his own by four to one. When surrounded, he cut his way through the enemy. At Marston Moor he found himself carried by the tide of battle into the thick of the enemy's ranks. Taking from his hat the white badge worn by the Parliamentary forces, he calmly rode through the ranks of the Royalists, regained his troops, and led another attack.² So fearless was he that on several occasions he narrowly escaped death. In 1644 a musket-ball pierced his shoulder, another broke his arm. Hardly recovered from these wounds, he was again struck at the siege of Pomfret Castle. His skill as a leader, his bravery in action, had attracted the attention of all England, and in 1645, when but thirty-three years of age, he was made Commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces, having as his first task the organization of the New Model army. While in the popular opinion it was Cromwell who was "the leading spirit of the war," to quote Sir Clements Markham, the biographer of Fairfax, "it was Fairfax who organized the new army without the smallest assistance from Cromwell. It was Fairfax whose genius won the fight at Naseby, and whose consummate generalship concluded the war, and restored peace. Cromwell was his very efficient general of horse, but nothing more: and indeed he was generally employed on detached duties of secondary importance."³ At Naseby, Fairfax was conspicuous for his daring; at the surrender of Oxford, he placed a guard about the

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 108.

² *Ibid.*, p. 171.

³ *Ibid.*, Preface, p. iv.

Bodleian and saved it from destruction, as he had spared the minster at the siege of York.¹

With Charles hopelessly defeated, Fairfax was unwilling to depose him, wishing the King to rule, with the constitution safeguarded from encroachments of the crown. He hotly resented the seizure of Charles by Joyce, and through his instance Charles was allowed to see his friends, and above all, his children—a favor for which he repeatedly thanked Fairfax.² In the political intrigues which preceded the execution of Charles, Fairfax took no part; but when the Royalists made a last stand, he laid siege to Colchester, captured the town, and crushed the insurrection. It was at this time that Milton addressed to him his noble sonnet:

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,
Thy firm, unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

Though appointed one of the Commissioners to try the King, Fairfax refused to be present at the trial, and opposed it in vain. Surely there are few more dramatic moments in history than when Lady Fairfax rose in the gallery of Westminster Hall to protest against the trial, and to defend her husband's name. Indeed, so well known was Fairfax's opposition to the execution of the King that Cromwell accused the general of planning to rescue Charles.

In 1650 Lord Fairfax resigned his command, and returned to his estates at Numapleton. On the death of Cromwell he decided that there would be anarchy unless Charles II returned and ruled. Lambert, with a disciplined army of ten thousand men, was on the

¹ *Ibid.* p. 271. Fairfax bequeathed to the Bodleian 28 manuscripts. See W. D. Macray: *Annals of the Bodleian Library, Oxford*.

² *Ibid.* pp. 290, 298.

field to oppose Monck, who, with an army of seven thousand, was on the point of declaring for Charles. Though ill and suffering intensely, Fairfax sent word to Monck that he would take the field in support of Charles. When he appeared, Lambert's troops deserted and flocked to their old commander, and thus, without a shot being fired, the Restoration was accomplished. It was fitting that Lord Fairfax should head the commission sent by Parliament to the Hague to invite Charles to return. No honors were conferred on him by the Merry Monarch—he sought none—and he retired to Yorkshire, where he died November 12, 1671, three years before the death of Milton.

It is not surprising that the letters of Fairfax, and his two *Short Memorials of the War*, should have been published, but it is strange indeed that a manuscript of 656 pages of verse, all in his own handwriting, should never have been carefully examined. This manuscript passed from the possession of the Fairfax family, and was owned successively by Ralph Thoresby, the Duke of Sussex, and Dr. Bliss of Oxford, from whose collection the Bodleian library, its present owner, purchased it in 1858. Archbishop Cotton, in his *Editions of the Bible and Parts thereof in English from the year MDV to MDCCCL*, Preface to the second edition, 1852, gave a table of contents of the manuscript, then in the possession of Dr. Bliss, and reprinted one of the paraphrases of the Psalms. Sir Clements Markham, in his *Life of Fairfax*, already cited, went further; for in the text of his work he reprinted three of Fairfax's poems,¹ and in an appendix gave ten more, wholly or in part, but as a historian, interested in the political, and not the literary life of the times, he made no study of the manuscript. Since Markham, I can not find that any one has examined these poems or published them.

We have no means of dating the poems, with the exception of the following:

Upon the New-built House at Apleton (1650), *To the Lady Cary upon her Verses on my deare Wife* (1665), *On the Fatal Day* (1649), *Upon the Horse which his Majestie Rode upon att his Coronation*

¹ *Life of Fairfax*, p. 352; *On the Fatal Day*, Jan. 30, 1648; p. 365, *Upon the New-built House at Apleton*; p. 384, *Upon the Horse which his Majestie Rode upon Att his Coronation*. Appendix A, pp. 415–427 contains the following: *Preface to the Psalms*, *Honny dropps* (excerpts), *The Solitude*, *The Christian Warfare* (excerpts), *Life and Death Compared together*, *Shortness of Life*, *Of Beauty*, *Upon a Patch Face*, *Upon an ill Husband*, and two of the *Vulgar Proverbs*.

(1660).¹ As these poems are written down in this order, it will be seen that their position gives no clue to the time of their composition, indeed, the very last poem in the manuscript is an eclogue, *Hermes and Lycaon*, by Edward Fairfax, who died in 1635.² If we refer Fairfax's translations from "good old Mantuan" to his student days, the poems certainly cover a period of forty years.

A perusal of the manuscript shows us at once that Fairfax is not a poet, but rather a man of poetic tastes, an admirer of verse. We have, then, no discovery of a neglected genius, and there will be no call for the Complete Works of Thomas Fairfax. It will occasion no surprise, therefore, that we have omitted a considerable amount of his poetry.³ It will readily be seen that the chief defect in these poems is their poor technique. Fairfax had very little sense of rhythm; at times his ear seems absolutely untrained, and, though a multitude of corrections in the manuscript show how hard he struggled to improve his lines, yet his revisions are generally as awkward as his first rude draft. Few of his poems have any metrical charm, and when in his *Honey Drops* or *Vulgar Proverbs* he seeks to become epigrammatical, he lacks both point and finish. His best writing is seen in such a poem as *David's Lamentation*, or in the straightforward couplets of the *Christian Warfare*; however, it is not for his skill as a writer that Fairfax deserves attention, but for certain conclusions that may be drawn from the subject-matter of his lines.

Fairfax divided his poetry into religious and secular verse, the former occupying 551 pages out of 650, 388 of these being devoted to a metrical paraphrase of the Psalms. From the days of Wyatt and Surrey in England and Clément Marot in France, to "translate" the Psalms, or indeed to turn any part of the Scriptures into verse, was a pastime indulged in alike by the devout and by the profligate. A complete list of English writers who from 1500 to 1700 made metrical versions of any portion of the Bible has never been compiled. It would be a surprisingly large one, and, though Fairfax was a devout man, he was following a literary fashion as well as his own inclination in his paraphrase which offers so little that is

¹ The *Epitaph on A. V. dying Young* might be dated, were we sure that V. stands for Vere.

² As Markham published this in *Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society*, vol. 12, 1868-9. I have not reprinted it.

³ See table of contents of the MS. on page 249. With the exception of the Psalms, I have a copy of the whole MS. It is at the disposal of any one interested in it.

interesting that I have reprinted but four Psalms, enough to show his method.¹ In his hymns we notice most of all that he writes in an impersonal style, for we have in them no picture of his own mind, no account of his spiritual conflicts, his doubts, his defeats, or his victories. Religious verse is valuable in proportion as it shows us the soul of a man, and this is precisely what Fairfax does not attempt to do.

This same lack of the personal element in his writing is a marked defect of the secular verse also, for he gives us practically nothing of his own life, even in remote allusion. When we consider the great scenes he had witnessed, the part he had played in shaping the destinies of England, it is rather surprising that he should choose to write on *Envy*, *Temperance*, *Anger*. Surely he might have written with more spirit on Liberty, Tyranny, or Valor. He collects many popular proverbs, but he does not jot down the song of his soldiers. For a fighting man, how faint and unrealistic are such lines:

As men besieged with mines about
Ready to spring and ruing [*sic*] all,
Hearing the alarm beat, runne out
To th' assault and gard ther wall,
And by the blast in ruins sinke
Vanquist are when they least thinke.²

And yet they are quite unusual, so rarely does he refer to the shock of battle. As Fairfax does not tell us what he has felt, so he has little desire to write down what he has seen. Apart from all considerations of the immeasurable distance that separates Andrew Marvell's work from that of Fairfax, it is yet surprising that Marvell should describe Appleton House and the estates so fully, and that Fairfax, who delighted in them, should give us but a few faint lines on the new-built house. Similarly we should expect the sympathetic picture of the last moments of Charles to

¹ Markham, in his *Life of Fairfax*, p. 369, mentions another copy of Fairfax's version of the Psalms, owned by Mr. Cartwright of Aynho. I have not attempted to trace this. At the end of the MS. of the *Short Memorial*, at Leeds Castle, are versions of the 18th, 24th, 30th, and 85th Psalms. He prefaces Psalm 18 with the following: 'That I chuse this 18 Psalm let none think that I arrogate anything to myself, for farre be it from me to applie it otherwise than as David's triumph over his enemies.' See Markham's *Fairfax*, p. 415.

² *A Hymne to Christ the Messiah.*

come from the pen of the general rather than from the tutor of his daughter.¹

To observe for one's self, to describe one's feelings, demands a certain amount of originality, and this is precisely what Fairfax lacked. The greater part of his religious verse was paraphrase, and we naturally look for translation in his secular poems. Pages 602-10 of the manuscript are taken, he tells us, from the French, the Italian, the Latin. With the exception of the Mazarinades, all these translations are directed against Rome, showing his strong Puritan sympathies. It is interesting to notice that when he translates Petrarch he does not choose the sonnets to Laura, but *The Character of the Romish Church*.² Petrarchism, brought in by Wyatt and Surrey a century before, had spent its force, and the lyrics of Philip Ayres, 1687, fill the last book that shows the old sway of the founder of the modern lyric.³ As confirmation of Fairfax's lack of skill in writing, it is noticeable that he is unable to reproduce the sonnet form, and turns the quaterzains into poems of twelve lines.

Eight pages of translation, however, constitute but a small part of his secular verse. As we read it, we are impressed by the contrasts it shows, contrasts that can not be explained by assuming that certain poems are separated by long intervals of time. Lady Carey had written to Fairfax a metrical epistle on the death of his wife, and he felt called upon to answer it. Knowing his devotion to Lady Fairfax, we expect him to rise above himself under the inspiration of his grief, but his thought is so trivial, and so feebly expressed, that *To the Lady Cary Upon her Verses on my deare Wife* is one of the poorest poems. A few lines will show this more plainly than any comment:

Madam

Could I a Tribute of my thanks express
As you have done in love and purer verse,
On my best selfe then I might Justly raise
Your Elogy t' Encomiums of your Prayse
And soe forgett the Subject that did move
Me to a thankfulness as 't did you to love.
O 'twere to great a Crime but pray allow

¹ See Marvell's *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*.

² Sonnets, *De Vario Argumento*, Nos. 11 and 16.

³ *Lyric Poems, made in Imitation of the Italians*, London, 1687.

Wher I fall short but you have reached to,
 Making that Good wisest of Kings hath said,
 Th' Living's not soe Prayse-worthy then [*sic*] the dead.

A few pages further on, we come to a more formal elegy on Henry of Navarre.

Ah is itt then Great Henry soe fam'd
 For taming men, himself by death is tam'd!
 Whatt eye his glory saw, now his sad doome,
 But must desolve in Teares, sigh out his Soule,
 Soe small a shred of Earth should him intombe
 Whos acts deserv'd pocession of the whole.

Though this poem has its defects, it is, on the whole, a better piece of writing than the elegy on Lady Fairfax. This consideration, together with the fact that Henry of Navarre was assassinated two years before Fairfax was born, and that there seems to be no special reason why he should lament his death, makes one suspect that the lines are a translation from the French. Such is the case, for I find that the poem is taken word for word from an elegy by Anne de Rohan which Fairfax read at the end of Agrippa d'Aubigné's *Histoire Universelle*, published 1626, for d'Aubigné does not quote the whole poem, and Fairfax translates only as much as he gives.¹ With this hint I have looked in the French literature of the period for the originals of the other poems. *On a Fountain* is a translation of an epigram of Malherbe that was a favorite one,² to judge from its appearance in a French anthology (*Les Délices de la Poésie Française*, 1615), while Fairfax's best poem, the one that gives the manuscript its title, is a translation of Saint-Amant's *La Solitude*. Other sources I have not found, but I feel convinced that many of the poems are translations, as for example, *Of a Faire Wife, to Coregio*, which is probably taken from the Italian. Others better read in Continental literature of the period may discover his models.³

We are now in a position to see the significance of these poems. They are not fine examples of English verse; they are rather to be regarded as documents that show us what an English gentleman

¹ *Histoire Universelle* par Agrippa d'Aubigné (Paris, 1879), Vol. 9, pp. 472-75.

² See *Oeuvres complètes* de Malherbe (Paris, 1862), Vol. 1, p. 225.

³ Mr. Lewis C. Everard, Yale Phi Beta Kappa Fellow, 1908-1909, has searched in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, for other French originals, but without results.

of the Caroline and Commonwealth period read and thought. They are like an old diary in which a great man has jotted down a list of the books he owns, or of poems he has memorized; they are like a package of old letters, in which the writer tells us of his favorite authors and his literary tastes. It is to be observed that this moralist, who mentions but one English writer—his great-uncle—turns to French literature. *La Solitude* is certainly not only Saint-Amant's best piece of work, but one of the finest French poems of the period, and the evident admiration of Fairfax for it speaks well for his taste. Though Saint-Amant had twice visited London and was possibly known there as a poet, only two other unimportant translations of his verse have been noticed in English literature.¹ It is worthy of mention that Saint-Amant himself had some very pronounced opinions concerning Fairfax, who probably never read the Frenchman's *Epigramme Endiablée sur Fairfax*.²

There is another interesting point concerning *La Solitude*. It is well known that in 1650 Andrew Marvell came to Appleton House as a tutor for Mary Fairfax. He had already written verse, but it had not been nature-poetry; his grotesque *Flecnœ* and his absurd verses *Upon the Death of Lord Hastings* have nothing of the meadow

¹ See A. H. Upham, *The French Influence in English Literature from the Accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration*, New York, 1908, pp. 345, 405, 409, 412. It is interesting to read Saint-Amant's brief reference to Ben Jonson in his *L'Albion*.

² Je crois qu'il doit bien estre en peine,
L'execrable tyran qui preside aux enfers.
Quand, dans les feux et dans les fers,
Il songe au noir object des foudres de ma haine;
Son vieux sceptre enfumé tremble en sa tiere main:
Il redoute Fairfax, ce prodige inhumain:
Il craint que ce monstre n'aspire
Au degré le plus haut de son horrible empire,
Le degré le plus haut est celui le plus bas.
C'est où ce prince des sabats,
Des endroits les plus clairs aux endroits les plus sombres,
Tomba pour regner sur les ombres:
C'est là, dis-je, qu'il craint que par quelque attentat,
Que par quelque moyen oblique,
Fairfax n'aille du moins renverser son estat
Pour en faire une republique.
Et voila les raisons qui l'ont fait hesiter
Jusqu'à cette heure à l'emporter.

Oeuvres Complètes de Saint-Amant (Paris, 1855), vol. 1, p. 472.

in them. During the two years he spent at the home of Fairfax, Marvell wrote those nature-poems that determined his fame—*Upon the Hill and Grove at Billborow*, *Upon Appleton House*, *On a Drop of Dew*, *The Garden*—poems that show an observation, an appreciation of the earth, of flowers, birds and trees unsurpassed in all the works of his predecessors in English poetry, not excepting the very greatest, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. That these poems were inspired not only by the beauty of Nunappleton, but by its owner's love and appreciation of poetry, there can be little doubt. We may go even further, and see in Marvell's nature-poems some hints from Saint-Amant. Marvell's verse is richer and deeper; where Saint-Amant is vague in his descriptions or conventional in his thought, Marvell is concrete and original; for it is the Englishman, and not the Frenchman, who uses *le mot précis*, and yet Saint-Amant's theme—to lose one's self in Nature—is the theme of *The Garden* and of the finest lines in *Appleton House*.

We see now the significance of the poems of Fairfax. They throw light on the character of a great Englishman; they remind us that the literary influence of *la ville lumière* was still powerful in England, that it had not died with the sonneteers; and they give us the atmosphere in which Andrew Marvell lived and wrote the tenderest, the sincerest, the deepest nature-poetry of the seventeenth century.

Yale College,
February 19, 1909.

EDWARD BLISS REED.

TABLE OF CONTENTS OF MS. FAIRFAX 40.

The poems marked † are reprinted here. Those marked * are given only in part. The poems are printed as they stand in the MS. with no changes in the punctuation or spelling.

[Title] THE EMPLOYMENT OF MY SOLITUDE. T. F. p. i.

† The Preface to the Psalmes. p. ii.

* Psalms 1 to 150, in verse. pp. 1–388. [p. 389 is blank.]
Songs of the Old and New Testament. pp. 390–479.

* Moses Songe. Exodus 15. p. 390.

Moses Songe. Deut. 32. p. 396.

The Songe of Deborah. Judges 5. p. 406.

Hannah's Songe. 1 Sam. 2. p. 415.

† Davids Lamentation for Saule & Jonathan. 2 Sam. 1. p. 418.

† Hezekiah's Songe. Isaiah 38. p. 422.

The Songe of Mary the Blessed Virgin. Luke 1. p. 427.

Zachariah's Songe. Luke 1. p. 429.

† Simeon's Songe. p. 431.

* The Songe of Salomon. Chapter 1. p. 432. Chapt 2. p. 435.

Chapt 3. p. 438. Chapt 4. p. 440. Chapt 5. p. 444.

Chapt 6. p. 448. Chapt 7. p. 451. Chapt 8. p. 454.

Out of the Prouerbs of Salomon. p. 458.

Wisdom's Antiquity. pp. 471–475.

Out of the Prouerbs of Salomon. p. 473^b 473^c.

[These two pages were formerly pasted together. They are a
repetition of pp. 458 and 459, with two lines of 460.]

Samuel's Instruction from his Mother. Prouerbs 32. p. 476.

* Honny drops. p. 480.

Hymnes to the Soueraigne God. p. 510.

A Hymne to Christ the Mesiah. p. 519.

A Hymne to the Holy Ghost. p. 539.

† A Songe of Prayse. p. 549–551^a.

[Title] The Recreations of my Solitude T. F. p. 551^c.

† The Solitude. p. 552.

† Of a Faire Wife to Coregio. p. 564.

† Of Beauty. p. 568.

† Upon a Patch Face. p. 570.

Upon a Younge Virago. p. 571.

† Upon an ill Husband. p. 571.

† Of Envy. p. 572.

† Of Anger. p. 574.

† Of Virtue. p. 577.

Of Patience and Temperance. p. 579.

- † Nature and Fortune. p. 582.
- † The Christian Warfare. p. 583.
- † Life and Death compared together. p. 590.
- † Upon a Fountaine. p. 592.
- † Upon the New-built House at Apleton. p. 593.
- † Shortness of Life. p. 594.
- † Epitaph on A. V. dieng Younge. p. 595.
- † The Lady Caryes Elogy on my deare Wife. p. 596.
- † To the Lady Cary Upon her Verses on my deare Wife. p. 598.
- † On the Fatal Day, Jan. 30th, 1648. p. 600.
- † Of Impartial Fate. p. 601.

Epitaph sur le Mort du Cardinal Mazarin. Epiodium. p. 602.

- † A Carracter of the Romish Church by Francisco Petrarca, Laura
Can. 106. p. 604.

Pontanus writes this Epitaph on Lucretia daughter of Alexander 6.
p. 606.

Baptista Mantua reproving the wicked Life of Sixtus 4 maketh the
Diuel give him this Entertainement in Hell. p. 607.

Mantua Eclogae 5. p. 608.

Palengenus A Papist thus discribes the monstrous Corruptions of
the Romaine Clargie. p. 609.

Upon Mr. Stanley's Booke of Philosophers supposing itt the Worke
of his Tutor W. Fa. p. 611.

- † Upon the Horse w^{ch} his Matie. Rode upon att his Coronation 1660.
p. 612.

* Vulgar Proverbs. p. 613.

- † The teares of France for the deplorable death of Henry 4 surnamed
the Great. p. 641.

An Egloge maide by my uncle Mr. Ed. Fairfax in a Dialoge bet-
wixt two Sheapards Hermes and Lycaon. p. 647.

[p. ii]

The Preface to the Psalmes.

Vaine Fancy whether now darst thou aspire
 With smoky Coales to light the holy Fire
 Could thou indeed as with the Phenix burne
 In perfum'd flames & into Ashes turne
 Thou might'st hope (vaine hope) yet once againe
 To rise with purer notions in thy Braine
 But t'would nott serue for they would still be darke
 Till from thyn Alter Lord I take a sparke
 I need not then assend up any higher
 In offring this to fetch another fire
 Inspired thus may on my Muse distill
 Dewes nott from Parnass but Herman's sweet Hill.

[p. 1]

Psal 1

Blest is the man in walking daly shuns
 Pernitious Councel that from th' wicked Comes
 Nor to the sinners paths his steps doth bend
 Or he yitt up to Scorners chaire assend
 Who in the early morne & euening laite
 On lawes deuine makes choyse to meditate
 As by the runing streames the well sett tree
 His fruit in season yeild, the iust shall be
 Whos leafe shall neuer fade & what he doth
 Shall thriue as itt & shal be fruitfull both
 But with the wicked itt is diffrent farre
 As chaff tost in the Ayre, So they are
 Nor shall he stand fore th' impartial Judge
 Or mongst the iust who in sins way doe trudge

[p. 38]

Psal 19

The heauens Lord the siluer studed frame
 They are the Curious works thy hands declare
 Time vnto time itt doth recount the same
 To places most remote, ther voyce it heares
 Ore all the earth ther arched Sphers extends
 The Tun on's throne ther rises ther desends

As cherfull brid-grome in his nuptial state
 Or actiue men to race wth ioy Come out
 From East to West so runs he at that raite
 Till his cirquitt rownd he'as gone about
 All parts euen to thé wide Earths extreames
 Both light & heat takes from his radent beames

- [p. 39] Thy law ô Lord to soules perfection giues
 They that are simple by thy words made wise
 They shall reioyce who in thy precepts liues
 Thy Statutes pure inlighten's the blind eyes
 To feare the Lord will vs preserue for euer
 Whos iudgments true & rightious altogether

More sweete then honny yea or gold refin'd
 Thy seruants setts them att a hier prise
 They great rewards in keeping them do find
 But ô alas who ist his errors spies
 My faults vnseene ô let ther none remaine
 From bold-fac'd sins thy seruant Lord restraïne

- [p. 40] O let not sin wth it's tyranick might
 Ére gitt a iuri[s]diction ouer mee
 So in my soule shall I then be vpright
 And from the great transgression guiltless be
 So shall my words & thoughts acceptance find
 Wth thee my strength redeemer of man-kind

- [p. 49] Psal 23

How can I want the Lord my sheapard seemes
 Who to the verdant pasturs leads me outt
 By flowry bankes wher waters gently streams
 My soule he doth refresh he sets my foot
 In paths of truth & eaqual Justice both
 This only for his owne name sake he doth

Al Though I through death[s] shady vale doe goe
 No terrors ther shal makes me yitt affraid
 His rods my guide his staff my strength also
 Before myn foes my table he doth spread
 Wth oyle my head full cups my hart doth chere
 Him in his house for euer I'll serue ther

[p. 104]

Psal 46

If in distress ^o Lord thou 'lt giue me ayde
 What need I feare though rocks in seas be throwe
 Though by ther rage the hills on hills be layd
 Thou still preservest thos that are thyn owne
 In thes o're turnings shal noe fear cease them
 For God was ther, his help in season Came

When furious rage procest the Heathen world
 Thou was to vs as a strong Towre in War
 Thou spake the word & Earth on heaps was hurld
 Come se then ther what great vastations are

[p. 105]

T'is he when wars arise Can stop ther Course
 This he ther weapons breake ther Chariots fire
 Wait thou on him know he's a God of force
 Did he not rule the world t' would soone expire
 He mongst the Heathens will exalted be
 But Jacobs Gods the Towre to whom we flee

[p. 390]

Songs of the Old & New
Testiment

Moses Songe

Exodus 15

Vnto the Lord let prayse be sung
 Who gloriously triumphed hath
 For he into the sea hath flung
 Both Horse & Rider in his wrath

The Lord my strength & songe shall be
 Who my sure saluation
 Mine & my father's god is he
 Soule be his habitation

[p. 391]

A man of Warr's the Lord renown'd
 His name is by Jehouah knowne
 Who in the Sea hath Pharoah drownd
 Downe Captains Horse & Chariots throwne

This goodly Traine wth fury drunke
 The waues as Couerings did Containe

Wher to the bottome they are sunke
As stones that neuer rise againe

Thy hand o Lord has done this deed
Glorious in Powre art thou become
Thy hand I say when ther was need
Th' insulting Foe has onercome

[p. 392] They that agaist thee did Combine
Thy wrath has broke in thy defence
As stuble th'are before the winde
So powrefull is thyn' excellence

Thy Nosthrills wth a blast haue layde
The liquid Seas on sollid heapes
The floating waues ther wth were stay'd
As Ice Congealed in the depths

Pursue o'retake th' enemy said
Ther spoyles let vs mongst vs denide
Whilst wth ther Swords they hauack made
And lust as law to them was guide

[p. 393] But in a happy howre thou did
The Treasures of thy winde display
So sunk they as the heauy lead
And vnder watry-Mountains lay

Amongst the Gods who's like to thee
O Lord in Holiness & Prayse
The fearfull wonders w^{ch} we see
Doe Trophyes to thy Glory raise

Thou stretcht thy hand & they were gone
The gaping earth deuourd them quite
To th' Holy mountaine thou leddst on
The chosen Flock of thy delight

[p. 394] Nations hard this wth pale-fac'd looks
And horred feare amazed stood
Edom Moab & Syrian Dukes
Ditt melt away wth Canan's broode

Thy Glorious Name did soe apall
Ther trimbling Harts wth feare & dread
That as a stone lie still they shall
Till those pass ouer thou dost lead

To Zions mount thou didst them bring
 Didst plant them in its firtill soyle
 The place wher thou delightst in
 A sanctuary freed from toyle

- [p. 395] Raigne Lord for euer vn-opposd
 For Pharoa's Horse & Men are drown'd
 Him & his force hath sea inclos'd
 Whilst Israel marches on dry grownd
 Miriam the Prophetiss a Timbrel takes
 Wher in their Circulinge-dances round
 The Virgin-Trainee such Musick makes
 As th' Hills about wth Ecchoes sound
 Then Miriam answered them & sunge
 The Lord triumph'd in Glory hath
 Proud Pharoah into th' sea has flung
 Wth Horse & Rider in his wrath

- [p. 418] Davids Lamentation for Saule & Jonathan.

2 Sam : 1

Israel has lost her ornament
 Alas for itt lement
 How are her Mighty, false & laine
 & on Mount Gibeon slaine
 Ô let itt nott in Gath be knowne
 Or told in streets of Askelon

O lett nott Lord our ancient Foes
 Joying Deride our woes
 Least daughter of th' vncircumcis'd
 Triumph o're vs dispis'd

- [p. 419] Noe more lett fruitfull showres distill
 Or dewes on Gibeon's dreffull Hill

Nor e'er may any thither bringe
 More a Heave-Offring
 Ther th' Mighty fell, Saule lost his sheild
 In this shamfull feild
 On him regardless they did treade
 As if noe oyle had touch'd his head

- Sharp Arrowes shott from Jonathans Bow
 Drunk wth the blood of Foe
 Nor did Sauls sword rebate a Jott
 Till he'ad his¹ enimys smote
- [p. 420] How louely-pleasant are you tow
 Death Could not loue disjoyne in you
- Swifter then Eagles w^{ch} th' Ayre peirce
 Both stronge as lions feirce
 Israel's daughters lement the fall
 Of your valiant Saule
 Who you in Purple & Scarlet deckt
 And did from Foes your land protect
- How pleasant was itt to behold
 Your orniments of Gold
 Thy worthys by the sword, how are
 They thus cutt off in war
- [p. 421] O Jonathan my harts delight
 Slaine in the bloody fight
 Mount Giboa saw the woefull day
 Thou mongst her Rockes ther wounded lay
- How can I Deare Jonathan express
 For thee my sad distress
 Noe Woman's loue reach'd thatt degree
 As thou once loued mee
 How is the Mighty false, is Crusht
 And Israels Worthys rould in dust

[p. 422] Hezekiahs-Songe

Isaiah 38

In Cuttinge off my days I said
 Must I goe downe to deaths cold shade
 Youth's flowre noe sooner Budd but Blast
 Be Cropt and to obliuion cast
 Mongst liuing Lord must I noe more
 Lift vp myn eyes & thee adore

¹ Fairfax has written over this line "his foes had smote."

- Or longer in this vniverse
 Wth Man-kind haue noe more Conuerse
 Farwell then Suns chearful light
 Whose Rayes expells the shades of Night
 [p. 423] Adeiu deare siluer-Horned Moone
 By step & step our time settts downe
 Yee Stars farwel that in Night appears
 Runing in your apoynted Spheres
 Who from your orbs soe far from hence
 Throwes downe on vs your influence
 Stay when you will your Constant Course
 For ouer death you haue noe force
 Farwel my Friends, farwel delight
 Denided by Eternal Night
 My flitting years how soon th'are spent
 Remoued as a Sythian Tent
 Here to day to morrow dead
 [p. 424] Cut off like to a weauers thread
 In morning when new hopes began
 Er' euening pinning sickness came
 Yitt did'st nott heare my sad groanes
 But lyon-like brake all my bones
 O whatt a little space is this
 T'wixt Being & not Beinge is
 Euen from th' Eueninge to the Day
 My wasting Sperits faide away
 As Crane or Swallow sett alone
 To the ô Lord I make my mo'ne
 And as the Doue that trembling sitts
 When Hawke aboue doth sores his pitch
 [p. 425] So faints my hart so failes myn eyes
 In seing such sad miseryes
 But thou in Mercy hast noe piere
 O help me in this troubled feare
 What shall I say but sure thus much
 Thy Word & Truth keep perfait touch
 For sin my soule shall all ittts days
 Walke softly in my pensiue wayes
 By these things Lord doe Mortals liue
 New life by these things thou dost giue
 Lo, Peace to me dost thou restore
 And Joy for Greefe I had before

[p. 426] Thou pluckt me from destructions Pitt
 And all my sins didst thou remitt
 For who in death can offrings bringe
 Or in the Graue thy Prayses singe
 Of All to Shades beneath repare
 Does any hope for Mercy ther
 The liuinge 'tis the liuinge They
 Shall Prayse thee as I doe this day
 Father to sonne relate shall this
 How faithfull are thy Promises
 Since Lord thou hast prolong'd my days
 On Warbling Harpe I'll giue thee prayse
 And in thy Courts wth Holy Fire
 Of Zeale pay thanks till I expire

[p. 431] Simeon's Songe
 As thou hast said soe Lord pray I
 In peace now lett thy seruant die
 Sence my blest eyes haue scene ith end
 Saluation from thy Throne desend
 Which thou before earth frame was layd
 To saue Man-kind decreed had
 A light to guide the Gentiles ways
 Of Israel's sones to be the prayse

[p. 435] [The Songe of Salomon]
 Chap 2
 I am the Rose of Sharon's fruitfull feild
 The Lilly w^{ch} the humble vallyes yeild
 In midst of thornes as Lilly appear's aboue
 Soe mongst the youthfull Virgins is my loue
 As Apple-trees 'mongst trees oth Forrest growe
 Amongst the sones of Men my loue is soe
 Vnder whose shade is my delightfull seat
 And to my tast his fruit is pleasant meat
 Then to the house of wines he brought me in
 Wher Loue like banners was a Couer in
 Stay me wth flaggons wth Apples Comfort giue
 Who's sick of Loue may yitt haue hope to liue

- Vnder my head his left hand stretched out
 And wth his Right h' imbraceth me about
 [p. 436] O Zions daughters I strictly you adiure
 By the swift Hynde & fearfull Roe be sure
 Noe stir by noyse you make for to disease
 Or wake my loue before the time he please
 Behold I hear his Voyce o're Hills & Downes
 My loue Comes skiping ouer Mounts & bounds
 Like th' Hart or nimble Fawne & triping Roe
 Standing behind our Wall Behold him Loe
 Through trelest windows how he looketh out
 His Church wth watchfull care he vews about
 Thus speaking to me I my loue did heare
 Arise my faire one Come away my deare
 Lo winters past wth her stormy showers
 Th' Earth now shew's her various coulerd flowrs
 Chirping of birds a signe the spring grows near
 [p. 437] We in the land the mourning Turtle heare
 The Figg-tree budding green her Figgs disclose
 The tender Grapes of Vines smell as the Rose
 Arise my faire one Come away my loue
 Whom Clifty Rocks doe hid Come out my Doue
 Shew me thy Face myn eares let thy Voyce meet
 Thy Countenance is Comely, Voyce most Sweet
 Take th' Fox & little Foxes in thy Toyles
 That thus our tender grapes & Vinyard spoyles
 My deare is myne & I am his who 'monge
 The Lillyes feed till shades of Night be gone
 Turne my beloued turne like th' Roe that trips
 Or nimble Hinde that in Mount Bether skips.

[p. 480]

Honny dropps.

(Under this title Fairfax has written
 one hundred and twenty five complets and thirty five quatrains)

Why good men haite all sin 'tis understood
 Because tis both gainst god and ther owne good
 To walke wth god tis goodmen's care we see
 But leaves the Care to god w^{ch} way 't should be

- Noe safty wth out god in Freindship were
Yitt safe wth enimes if God be there
- [p. 482] A good man questionless was never hee
Thatt strives nott allways better for to be
- [p. 483] Good Conscience is a name att w^{ch} Men tante
But betters a good name then Conscience want
- [p. 484] Whatt before men we are affrayd to doe
Fore God to thinke itt should affright us too
- Many the Sacred ordinances use
Making noe proffet of them—they abuse
- [p. 486] When thou dost well or any good thou can
Prayse nott thy worke, the worke will prayse the Man
- [p. 487] The soule by such a Noble sperit moves
Tis nott soe much where't lives as wher it loves
- Sure best are they, nott they who most can talke
How Good God is, but who most with him walke
- [p. 490] In sweetest Natures this will sure befall
None All can like nor shall be lik't of all
- [p. 491] All Earthly things are such as ther's noe doubt
Worst Men may have and best may goe wthoutt
Yett wanting them a man may happy be
When others wth them have butt misery
- [p. 492] Noe Time in pastime need we Idly wast
For time will pass from us in too much hast
- [p. 507] I'th' Sacred Arke Reason of State should lye
But rules of state should nott Religion tye
- When men wth wine themselves like beasts abuse
Not wine the Men but the wine misuse
- [p. 509] In all thou undertskes be carful still
That none of thee can speake deserved ill
And soe when that is done thou needs not Care
For Ill men's Censure ('Tis the Common fare)

[p. 549]

A Songe of Prayse

Earth prayse the Lord him Reverence beare
 As well for's Thunders that we heare
 At w^{ch} poore Mortals stand affraid

As four the glotious Maruels which
 Such Splendors doth the world inrich
 They are the workes his hands hath made

His Prouidential loue lets singe
 That wth a plentious flowinge springe
 Our barren soules hee watered

The East the West tast of his Care
 Hott Affrick nor the freezing Beare
 From his al seeinge eye is hidd

[p. 550]

And wast nott he He who did please
 Wth seuerall kinds to store the Seas
 Of Fish beyond account Nay more

Made Woods & Hills that Cataile yeilds
 Gaue flowry Pasturs verdent feilds
 That bringe both Corne & wine great store

But how doe we his mercy wronge
 He sees wee still in Sin grow stronge
 And day by day his patience moue

Yet as a Father ready is
 To pardon faults he sees in his
 Such are the tokens of his loue

[p. 551^a]

In vs Affections ôh tis strange
 Wth our light humor suddaine Change
 As in a moment they grew old

They wth the Wind are easely driuen
 But his is alweyes firme & euen
 And to Eternity doe hold

Finis

[p. 551 c]

THE RECREATIONS OF MY SOLITUDE

T:F

[p. 552]

THE SOLITUDE

O how I loue these Solitudes
 And places silent as the Night
 Ther wher noe thronging multitudes
 Disturbe wth noyse ther sweet delight
 O how myn eyes are pleas'd to see
 Oakes that such spreadinge branches beare
 W^{ch} from old Time's netiuity
 And th'ennuy of so many yeares
 Are still greene beautifull & faire
 As att the world's first day they were

[p. 553]

Naught but the highest twiggs of all
 Wher Zephyrus doth wanton play
 Doe yett presage ther future fall
 Or shew a signe of ther decay
 Times past Fawnes Satyrs Demy-Gods
 Hither retird to seeke for Aide
 When Heauen wth Earth was soe att odds
 As Jupiter in rage had laide
 O're all a Deluge these high woods
 Preseru'd them from the sweling floods

[p. 554]

Ther vnder a flowry Thorne alonge
 Of Springs delightfull plant the Cheife
 Sadd Philomela's mournfull songe
 Doth sweetly entertaine my greefe
 And to behold is noe less rare
 These hanging Rocks & Precepies
 W^{ch} to the wounds of sadd dispare
 Are soe propitious to giue ease
 When soe oprest by cruel fate
 Death's sought for att another gate

[LA SOLITUDE ¹

A Alcidon.

Que j'ayme la solitude!
Que ces lieux sacrez à la nuit,
Esloignez du monde et du bruit,
Plaisent à mon inquietude!
Mon Dieu! que mes yeux sont contens
De voir ces bois, qui se trouverent
A la nativité du temps,
Et que tous les siecles reverent,
Estre encore aussi beaux et vers,
Qu'aux premiers jours de l'univers!

Un gay zephire les caresse
D'un mouvement doux et flatteur.
Rien que leur extresme hauteur
Ne fait remarquer leur vieillesse.
Jadis Pan et ses demy-dieux
Y vindrent chercher du refuge,
Quand Jupiter ouvrit les cieux
Pour nous envoyer le deluge,
Et, se sauvans sur leurs rameaux,
A peine virent-ils les eaux.

Que sur cette espine fleurie,
Dont le printemps est amoureux,
Philomèle, au chant langoureux,
Entretient bien ma resverie!
Que je prens de plaisir à voir
Ces monts pendans en precipices,
Qui, pour les coups du desespoir,
Sont aux malheureux si propices,
Quand la cruauté de leur sort
Les force à rechercher la mort!

¹ This is not in the MS. See pp. 246-248.

How pleasant are the Murmuring stream
 In shady Vallyes runinge downe
 Whose raginge torrents as itt seemes
 Just measurs keepe in skpps & bounds
 Then glidinge vnder th' arbored banks
 As windinge Serpents in the grass
 The sportfull Naides playes ther pranks
 [p. 555] Vpon the watry plaines of Glass
 The christal Elements wherin
 These watry Nymphes delight to swime

The quiet Marshe I loue to see
 That bounded is wth willowes round
 With Sallow, Elme, & Popler tree
 W^{ch} Iron yett hath giuen noe wound
 The Nymphes that Come to take fresh Ayre
 Here Rocks & Spindles them provide
 Mongst Sedge & Bulrush we may heare
 The lepinge Froggs Se wher they hide
 Themselves for feare when they espye
 A Man or Beast approachinge nye

[p. 556] A hundred thousand Fowle her lye
 All voyd of feare makinge ther Nest
 Noe treachrous Fowler here Comes nye
 Wth mortal gunnes to breake ther rest
 Some ioying in the sunn's warme beames
 Ther fethers buisily doe plume
 Whilst others findinge Loue's hott flames
 In waters allsoe can Consume
 And in all pastimes Inocent
 Are pleased in this Element

How pleasant is itt to behold
 These ancient Ruinated Towers
 [p. 557] 'Gainst w^{ch} the Giants did of old
 Wth Insolence imploye ther Powers
 Now Sayters here ther Sabath keepe
 And Sperits w^{ch} our sence inspire
 Wth frightinge dreames whilst we doe sleepe
 Noe here againe all day retire
 In thousand Chinkes & dusty holes
 Lyes vgly Batts & Scritchinge Owles

Que je trouve doux le ravage
 De ces fiers torrens vagabonds,
 Qui se precipitent par bonds
 Dans ce valon vert et sauvage !
 Puis, glissant sous les arbrisseaux,
 Ainsi que des serpens sur l'herbe,
 Se changent en plaisans ruisseaux,
 Où quelque Naïade superbe
 Règne comme en son lict natal,
 Dessus un throsne de christal !

Que j'aime ce marets paisible !
 Il est tout bordé d'aliziers,
 D'aulnes, de saules et d'oziers,
 A qui le fer n'est point nuisible.
 Les Nymphes, y cherchans le frais,
 S'y viennent fournir de quenouilles,
 De pipeaux, de joncs et de glais ;
 Où l'on voit sauter les grenouilles,
 Oui de frayeur s'y vont cacher
 Si tost qu'on veut s'en approcher.

Là, cent mille oyseaux aquatiques
 Vivent, sans craindre, en leur repos,
 Le giboyeur fin et dispos,
 Avec ses mortelles pratiques.
 L'un, tout joyeux d'un si beau jour,
 S'amuse à becqueter sa plume ;
 L'autre allentit le feu d'amour
 Qui dans l'eau mesme se consume,
 Et prennent tous innocemment
 Leur plaisir en cet element.

.¹

Que j'ayme à voir la décadence
 De ces vieux chasteaux ruinez,
 Contre qui les ans mutinez
 Ont deployè leur insolence !
 Les sorciers y font leur sabat ;
 Les demons follets s'y retirent,
 Qui d'un malicieux ébat
 Trompent nos sens et nous martirent ;
 Là se nichent en mille trous
 Les couleuvres et les hyboux.

¹ Fairfax omits a stanza here.

These Mortal Augurs of Mischance
 Who funerall notes as Musick makes
 The Goblins singe & skipp & dance
 In valts ore spred wth Toads & Snakes
 Ther in a Cursed beame might see
 [p. 558] The horred Skeliton of some poore louner
 We^{ch} for his Mistriss Cruelty
 Hanged himselfe sence naught could moue her
 Or wth a glance nott once to daine
 To ease him of his mortal paine

The Marble Stones here strew'd about
 Of Carracters leaue yett some signe
 But now are almost eaten outt
 By teeth of all deuouring time
 The planks & timber from aboue
 Downe to the lowest Valts are fau'ne
 Wher Toads & Vipers 'mongst them moue
 Leauinge theron ther deadly spawne
 [p. 559] And Harth's that once were vs'd fvr fyers
 Now shaded are wth scratching Bryers

Yet lower an Arched-Valt extends
 Soe hiddious darke & deepe doth sinke
 That did the Sun therin desend
 I thinke he scarce Could se a winke
 Slumber that from heauy Cares
 Wth drowsiness inchant's our sence
 Sleepes here secure, as far from feares
 Lul'd in the Armes of Negligence
 And on her back in sluggish sort
 Vpon the pauement lyes & Snort

[p. 560] When from these Ruings I doe goe
 Vp an aspiring Rock nott farre
 Whose topp did seeme ast were to know
 Wher mists & Stormes ingendred are
 And then desending att my leasure
 Downe paths made by the storming Waues
 I did behold wth greater pleasure
 How they did worke the hollow Caues
 A worke soe Curious & soe rare
 As if that Neptuns Court were ther

L'orfraye, avec ses cris funebres,
 Mortels augures des destins,
 Fait rire et dancier les lutins
 Dans ces lieux remplis de tenebres.
 Sous un chevron de bois maudit
 Y branle le squelette horrible
 D'un pauvre amant qui se pendit
 Pour une bergère insensible,
 Qui d'un seul regard de pitié
 Ne daigna voir son amitié.

.¹

Là se trouvent sur quelques marbres
 Des devises du temps passé;
 Icy l'âge a presque effacé
 Des chiffres taillez sur les arbres;
 Le plancher du lieu le plus haut
 Est tombé jusques dans la cave,
 Que la limace et le crapaut
 Souillent de venin et de bave;
 Le lierre y croist au foyer,
 A l'ombrage d'un grand noyer.

Là dessous s'estend une vouîte
 Si sombre en un certain endroit,
 Que, quand Phebus y descendroit,
 Je pense qu'il n'y verroit goutte;
 Le Sommeil aux pesans sourcis,
 Enchante d'un morne silence,
 Y dort, bien loing de tous soucis,
 Dans les bras de la Nonchalence,
 Laschement couché sur le dos
 Dessus des gerbes de pavos.

.¹

Tantost, sortant de ces ruines,
 Je monte au haut de ce rocher,
 Dont le sommet semble chercher
 En quel lieu se font les bruïnes;
 Puis je descends tout à loisir,
 Sous une falaise escarpée,
 D'où je regarde avec plaisir
 L'onde qui l'a presque sappée
 Jusqu'au siege de Palemon,
 Fait d'éponges et de limon.

¹ Fairfax omits a stanza here.

[p. 561] Tis a delightfull sight to see
 Standinge on the murmuring shore
 When Calmer Seas begin to bee
 After the Stormes w^{ch} raginge roare
 How the blew Trytons doe appeare
 Vpon the rollinge Curled Waues
 Beatinge wth hiddious tunes 'the Ayre
 Wth Crooked Trumpets Sea-men braues
 Att whose shrill notes the winds doe seeme
 By keepinge still to beare esteeme

[p. 562] Sometimes the Sea wth Tempests rore
 Frettinge itt Can rise noe higher
 Roulinge or'e the flinty shore
 Throwes them vp againe retirés
 Somtimes through itt's deuouringe Jawes
 When Neptun's in an angry moode
 Poore mariners finde his Cruel lawes
 Made to his finy Subiects foode
 But Diamonds Amber & the Jett
 To Neptune they doe Consecrate

[p. 563] Sometimes soe Cleare & soe serene
 Itt seemes ast were a looking glass
 And to our Vewes presenting seemes
 As heauens beneath the waters was
 The Sun in it's soe clearely scene
 That contemplatinge this bright sight
 As't was a doubt whether itt had beene
 Himselfe or image gaue the light
 Att first appearing to our eyes
 As if he had falne from the skyes

Thus Alcidon whose loue inioynes
 To thinke for thee noe labor paine
 Receaue these Rustick Shepheards lines
 That's from ther liuinge objects ta'ne
 Sence I seeke only desart places
 Wher all alone my thoughts doe use
 Noe entertainment but what pleases
 The genius of my Rural Muse
 But noe thoughts more delighteth mee
 Then sweet Remembrances of thee

Que c'est une chose agreable
 D'estre sur le bord de la mer,
 Quand elle vient à se calmer
 Après quelque orage effroyable !
 Et que les chevelus Tritons,
 Hauts, sur les vagues secouées,
 Frapent les airs d'estranges tons
 Avec leurs trompes enrouées,
 Doat l'eclat rend respectueux
 Les vents les plus impetueux.

Tantost l'onde, brouillant l'arène,
 Murmure et fremit de courroux,
 Se roullant dessus les cailloux
 Qu'elle apporte et qu'elle r'entraîne.
 Tantost, elle estale en ses bords,
 Que l'ire de Neptune outrage,
 Des gens noyez, des monstres morts,
 Des vaisseaux brisez du naufrage,
 Des diamans, de l'ambre gris,
 Et mille autres choses de pris.

Tantost, la plus claire du monde,
 Elle semble un miroir flottant,
 Et nous represente à l'instant
 Encore d'autres cieux sous l'onde.
 Le soleil s'y fait si bien voir,
 Y contemplant son beau visage,
 Qu'on est quelque temps à sçavoir
 Si c'est luy-mesme, ou son image,
 Et d'abord il semble à nos yeux
 Qu'il s'est laissé tomber des cieux.

Bernières, pour qui je me vante
 De ne rien faire que de beau,
 Reçoy ce fantasque tableau
 Fait d'une peinture vivante.
 Je ne cherche que les deserts,
 Où, resvant tout seul, je m'amuse
 A des discours assez diserts
 De mon genie avec la muse;
 Mais mon plus aymable entretien
 C'est le ressouvenir du tien.

.¹

¹ Fairfax omits the two concluding stanzas.

[p. 564]

Of a Faire Wife
to Coregio

Thou thinkst Coregio thou hast gott
An excelent Beauty to thy lott
But yet remember this againe
For pleasure also thou'lt haue paine
No perfect rest can be to thee
When watchfull always thou must be
Tis hard & difficult to keepe
That all the world desire & seeke
Is her beauty much, Then know
Her pride's noe less w^{ch} she doth show

[p. 565]

Dost thou admire her th'more will shee
For thy esteeme disdainfull be
But is shee faire Consider this
If shee be chast, some doubt it is
As shee in hansomnes exceeds
Soe much of Modesty shee needs
Shee'l alwayes be a Mistress there
Wher only thou Comand should beare
But wouldst thou haue me to define
This rare beauty that is thine
Thy Idoll as thou make's of itt
Much more of Hurt then good thou'le gett

[p. 566]

For th' Adoration by thee giuen
Giues thee a Hell insteade of Heauen
New habits daly shee will axe
And if denyed then shee will vex
And thinke all's nothing in her passion
That's nott in the Mode & fashion
As if her Body were assign'd
To giue Inquietud's to thy minde
Me thinke I see thee ranisht on her
Thou blinde (as Idolizinge) Louer
Ma'as soone begett Ixion's brood
On Juno's Image in a cloude

[p. 567] Why shouldst thou longer thus submit
 To her who to obey's more fitt
 Least when thy Reason once is lost
 Thy Liberty too itt will Cost
 And in the end butt as a slaue
 A soueraigne for Companion haue
 To say noe worse of Beauty I Conclude
 It is but an illustrious seruitude

[p. 568] Of Beauty

Beauty's a fraile & brittle good
 W^{ch} Sicknes Time & Age doe blast
 The Rose & Lilly in face thatt budd
 Hardly are kept & seldome last
 What hath she then to boast on Saue
 A fragil life & timely graue

Beauty wher sweet Graces faile
 May be Compared vnto this
 A goodly ship wth out her saile
 A spring her fragrant flower doe miss
 [p. 569] A day want's Sun or Torch itt's Light
 A shrine want's Saint or Starless night
 But how doth Nature seeme to smother
 The Virtues of this louely Flower
 Who is of wanton Lust the Mother
 Of toyinge Vanity a Bowre
 Enemy of Peace the Fount wher Pride doe swime
 Th' Incendeary of Strife of Passions Magazen

[p. 570] Vpon a Patch Face

Noe Beauty Spots should ladyes weare
 They but the Spots of beauty are
 Who knowes nott this (saue foolish Sotts)
 That Beauty aught to haue noe Spotts
 Some note a Spot that Venus had
 Admitt itt were in one soe badd
 Yett should nott shee haue Spots vpon Her
 That would be held a Maide of Honor

[p. 571]

Vpon an ill Husband

All Creaturs else on Earth that are
Whether they Peace affect or Warre
Males ther Females ne're oppress
By the Lyon safe lyes the Lyoness
[p. 572] The Beares ther Mates noe harme procure
Wth Wolfe the shee Woolfe liues secure
And of the Bull the Earth w^{ch} teeres
The tender Heyfer has noe feares
But men then these more brutish are
Who wth ther wiues Contend & jarre

[p. 572]

Of Enuy

[p. 573]

In Enuy's Face discern I this
Of Monsters shee most Monstrous is
A hurtfull glance her eye doth dart
A painfull paine lies att her hart
[p. 573] Noe Good doe's Man enioy by Right
Her enuious teeth doth nott bitte
To Carracterize her yitt more fitt
Of Erringe blindness shee the Pitt
A Hell to Natures swetest Life
Reuenges Spur the flame of Strife
Her Actions yett bespeake her worse
To Ciuill Peace a vexinge Curse
Temptation's Sargent that's assign'd
The Sentinell of Restless minde
More hurtfull to the soule by farr
Then Vipers to the body are
But in a word t'express this Euell
T'is the Sin peculier to the Diuill

[p. 574]

Of Anger

Noe Passion's rooted deeper or extends
Her branches furdor or that more offends
Then Collier doth of w^{ch} no sex or Age
Can boast a full exemption from its rage
And when it's boundless fury growes
It's high distemper Madnes showes

Soe oft as Man is Angery oh tis sadd
 He's nott only weake but blinde & Madd
 Error for Truth imbraces & t'wer well
 If dearest freinds from enimys he Could tell
 A harmeless smile or from the eye a glance
 Though vndesign'd puts him into a trance
 [p. 575] And when his fury wakes how oft tis seene
 Friendships most sacred bonds disolued haue beene
 Who doth nott then discerne in sundry fashions
 How Man afflicted is wth Angry passions
 More feirce then are some Brutes as may apeare
 They sometimes yeilds but he's in full Cariere
 As Mariners when wth amazement smitt
 The Pilots voyce in stormes regards nott itt
 Soe men in frenzy ther strange gesters are
 Wild as the beasts & Irreguler
 The flaminge fire wth Passions kindle flies
 In furious sparkes from his piercinge eyes
 His angry face by a reflux of blood
 That from his Hart assends becometh rude
 [p. 576] His haire wth gastly horror stands vpright
 And euery word he speakes he seemes to bitt
 His hands & feet in ther excentrick Motions
 Breath naught but threats wth rash & bloody notions
 His Lookes soe terrible as doe portend
 A fatal Change vnto his nearest freind
 What must be then's distempred soule wthin
 Soe vgly outward, but a sinke of Sin

[p. 577]

Of Virtue

As wel tun'd Musick sweetly seize
 The señces soe doth't Virtue please
 The Virtuuous, force the Vitious too
 Th'admire in others what they should doe
 Those best loue virtue & her lawes
 That most Contemnes men's vains aplaues
 Vertue alone all Grace inhanche
 And she noe vse doth make of chance
 Whose effects are transcant in th' euent
 What proceeds from virtue's permanent

Those things itt slights the World doe hold
 Pretious as Fortunes Goods & Gold

[p. 578] These hath ther wings & flye away
 When Man desireth most ther Stay
 The virtious Soule prize most that some
 Thinkes but from sheepesh nature Come
 And nott from Grace the spring frō whence
 Flowes Virtue Goodnes Inocence
 Care thou for these sence they'le apeare
 Much surer Goods then Riches are
 Thy virtious acts goe wher thou will
 For Companions thou shalt haue still
 When Men shall faile & freindship both
 A better frende wth thee then goeth
 Enuy att death shal Cease in Foes
 No Post-hume euel Malice knowes

[p. 579] In transcendent hight shal vertue shine
 Wher feet of Enuy Can not clime
 Virtue alone doth death outliue
 As't t'wer againe new life doth giue
 Whilst Goods of Fortune here haue ends
 Virtue alone to heauen assends

[p. 582] Nature & Fortune

What thing is nature we may thus define
 God draws't through Beings in directst line
 Wher as in Fortune soe miscal'd by some
 More Crooked is & in Meanders rume
 As Natur's rule by prouidence deuine
 Soe Fortune too in an obstrucer line
 Then Fortune is not blinde as vaine men says
 Tis they are blinde discerning not her wayes

[p. 583] The Christian War-fare

The marke of note Gods children here doe beare
 Is from the World's a different Carreeter
 He to th'one for portion here beneath
 Doth Losses, Shame & Pouerty bequeath

- Yett happy those Afflictions wee account
 That to the State Eternal doe amount
 The worldly brood if we Caractrize
 Th' haue noe Afflictions liue in Paridize
 Ther Riches here as they desire augment
 Ther Honors too increase to ther Content
 But as a dreame these Honers vanish soone
 And an eternal woe shal take ther Roome
 As fatt of Lambes away they shall Consume
 Ther Honor vanish into smoke & fume
- [p. 584] T'indure sorrowes & Iniuries we must
 (As Scriptures tel) & be to exile thrust
 Then tis a signe indeed heauen is our choyse
 When in our Tribulations wee reioyce
 T'is Gileads pretious Balme & serues to binde
 The wounds & blowes w^{ch} here below we finde
 Yea happy choyse though thus the World vs treat
 Seing that in heauen our reward is great
 The Soulder of that name vnworthy is
 That trembles att the sight of enimyes
 Soe is the Christian w^{ch} that title bear's
 If he att threats of aduerse destine fear's
 But wth a patient calmness lett's receaue
 What the Soueraigne hand is pleas'd to giue
- [p. 585] The Middle Region or those parts about
 Are least obscurd nor ther doe Tempests moue
 Soe should our soules be raysd boue Passions sphere
 Noe Stormes of Tongues Nor Cloudes of enuy feare
 In fronts of Batailes we our fortunes Sett
 The Ship at Sea wth stormy winds is bett
 The Pilot scapt from former gusts noe more
 Feare's ship-wrack now then what he did before
 The Soulder oft to frequent perills knowne
 Neglect's the danger that's soe Comon growne
 And soe should we when our Afflictions growe
 Wth lenghtned Patience learne to beare them too
 This Life's a war-fare if sometimes begun
 To parly wth our sorrowes t'is soone done
 And in th' end when hopes begin to Cease
- [p. 586] Proues but a Cessation noe Contin'd Peace
 Whilst through cleare skyes the Sun triumphant rides
 Vpon a sudden cloudes his splendor hides

Doth health & Pleasure spur our senses on
 Soon sickness Comes and all delights are gone
 Such is the State of vs vncertaine men
 To know in calmes to guide our Vessels then
 Is not enough, but t'is when Tempests rise
 To steare a Course both Patient, Stout, & Wise
 Did our misfortunes soe deuide our share
 As some shee would Afflict & others Spare
 We might Complaine of her inconstant fitts
 Bullets as soon th' Capitaine as soulder hits
 The Feauer to the Great a deafe eare hath
 [p. 587] As to the meanest both subuerts by death
 Soe may the Justice of Impartial fate
 For Comfort serue vs in our greatest Strait
 Why doe we enuy then aspiring Men
 Wth Stormes the Vallyes are less troubled then
 The lofty Hills & humble shrubbs belowe
 Less danger's in then Oakes that highest growe¹
 See we not how the straitest Popler tree
 And spredding Elme as they vngratfull be
 For nurishment) to barreness incline
 Whilst prostrate on the ground the Crooked vine
 Abundance yeilds or haue we nott scene
 From highest plenty men in wants haue beene
 How many Kings falne from ther Regall seate
 Haue Crack't their Crownes ther Royal Septers breake
 [p. 588] Our Wittnesses by cloudes we all may bringe
 To shew that splendid honours a vaine thinge
 Should they be ta'ne from vs resolute thus much
 Ther loss should not be great ther fading's such
 Should we afflict ourselves when loss appear's
 Our Teares would sooner want then Cause for teares
 All you wth heauenly Marks of God indued
 Arme to the Fight shew Virtue Fortitude
 As Rocks 'gainst wth the raging billowes rore
 Keepe firme ther station on the threatned shore
 Soe let our Soules be firme & Constant still
 Against the threats this World doth make of Ill
 Or as a Diamon mongst the dust doth dart
 The beauty more in itt's resplendent sparke

¹ Cf. Horace, *Carm.* II 10.

- [p. 589] In midst of troubles soe lett vs demeane
 As Countinances be pleasant Soules serene
 Remember t'is from high Afflictions fall
 From Providence deuine that gouern's all
 Who when he please in turning of an eye
 Turn's Wrath to Mercy Sorrows into Joy
 T'is he who made the firtile Earth produce
 Her anual fruit most meet for humane vse
 He both the Rose & Violets did Cloth
 T'is he beauty & th'oders gaue to both
 'Twas his Almighty power that did make fall
 Att Israels seige the Jereconian Wall
 That on's Enimy'es ruing he might raise
 Trophy on Trophy to inrich his Prayse
- [p. 590] Shal we then those his wonders now less prize
 Or thinke his Power abat's, or hee less wise
 No, hee's as able still Nor shall His want
 Victory on Standards Glory on ther front

- [p. 590] Life & Death Compared together
 Such vulgar thoughts the World doe fill
 To thinke Life good Death only ill
 Then life ill liued noe euell's worse
 Death (dieing well) remoues the Curse
 And tis for certaine truth men tell
 He ne're dies ill that liueth well
 Ill liues doe but ther Ills increase
- [p. 591] But dieng well makes Euells Cease
 Badd men haite death but not soe much
 That itt is Ill, as They are such
 Moral Men teache vs in their bookes
 That we should dispise death's grime lookes
 T'is Comon sence w^{ch} doth inspire
 Ther feares of thatt Good men desire
 Nor Can we truly death define
 By makinge odious what's sublime
 Consider't in th' effects & soe itt will
 Plead much for death be't Good or Ill
 Say itt be Ill yett here's the Good
 To greater Ills it giues a period
 In life what one good thinge is ther

[p. 592] To keepe our Passions Reguler
The many Ills each day is done
Makes Death less fear'd but once to come
But rather thanke Death that's the Cause
Our Ills are not Imortal Lawes

[p. 592] Vpon a Fontaine
Seest thou how these waters flowe
How soone againe away itt glides
Soe worldly Glory's but a showe
That neuer long wth vs abides¹

[p. 593] Vpon the New-built
House att Apleton
Thinke not ô Man that dwells herein
This House's a Stay but as an Inne
W^{ch} for Conuenience fittly stands -
In way to one nott made wth hands
But if a time here thou take Rest
Yett thinke Eternity's the Best

[p. 594] Shortness of Life
In Rosy mor'ne I saw Aurora red
But when the Sun his beames had fully spred
She vanisht I saw a Frost then a Dew
T'wixt time soe short as scarce a time I knew
This stranger seemd when in more raised thought
I saw Death Come How soone a life he'ad Caught
Wher in the turninge of an eye he'ad done
Farre Speedier execution then the Sun

1

Pour une Fontaine
Vois tu, passant, couler cette onde
Et s'écouler incontinent ?
Ainsi fuit la gloire du monde
Et rien que Dieu n'est permanent

Malherbe.

[p. 595]

Epitaph on A V dieng Younge

O what affront was itt to Nature
 And sadder Influence of the Skyes
 That in a moment clos'd the Eyes
 Of such a machless Creature
 But askinge what might be the Reason
 That Creuel Fate soe out of season
 Had Caried her from vs soe farre
 This Answer was to me returnd
 Least that the Earth should bee burnd
 By th' scorching beames of that bright starr

[p. 596]

The Lady Caryes

Elogy on my deare Wife

O Fatal fall might not those heapes suffice
 This Sum̄er Captiu'd but thou must surprize
 The best of Nobels this soe great good Lady
 A Vere A Fairfax Honours-Honour, Shee
 Did grace her Birth Sex Relate & Degree
 & Shee a Non-parell for Piety
 Vers't in the Theory of Godliness
 The w^{ch} she did in Conference express
 Its Practick part her life to life did shew
 Each way but most excellinge in all vew
 Was Faith Submission vnweared pleasantnes

[p. 597]

With vniuersal weaknes, Paine Sicknes
 Many longe lasting Great few euer sence
 Soe followed Job in suffring Patience
 But she is now most gloriously exalted
 Wher sin & sorrow neuer entred
 To Mount Zion heauenly Jerusalem
 The City of God to Sperits of Just men
 To Church of the first borne to Angels blest
 To God to Jesus this Compleats the rest
 Her Faith saw this w^{ch} made her smile att death
 And wth much Joy surrendred vp her breath
 Her Body deare her All thats out of Heauen
 To Billbrough church as a riche Treasure's giuen
 Bilbrough church-yard daine me a little roome
 That after death my graue waite on her Tombe.

[p. 598]

To the Lady Cary

Vpon her Verses on my deare Wife

Madam

Could I a Tribute of my thanks express
 As you haue done in loue & purer Verse
 On my best selfe then I might Justly raise
 Your Elogy t'Encomiums of your Prayse
 And soe forgett the Subiect that did moue
 Me to a thankfulnes as't did you to loue
 Ô t'were to great a Crime but pray allow
 Wher I fall short but you haue reached to
 Makinge that Good wisest of Kings hath said
 Th' Liuing's not soe Preyse-worthy then the dead
 I thinke the Reason's this itt's groundd on
 'Cause Mercys are not priz'd till they are gone

[p. 599]

O had not hopes surpast my grosser sence
 My loss Could not haue had a recompence
 Yett such an Influence hath your happy straine
 To bring my buried Joy to life againe
 Vertue Goodnes Loue things Inortalize
 The better part when as the other dies
 True, Soules in Bodyes haue ther being here
 But Loues in Soules haue ther ther proper Sphere
 Then is true loue Compos'd of Nobler fyers
 Then to extinguish when the Life expires
 Butt to Conclude Madam me think you 'spire
 In humblest Thoughts to raise your Trophys higher
 Then Her's you would attend in gelid Mould
 W^{ch} for her Friend the lodging seemes too Could

[p. 600]

But were itt soe itt my good happ might bee
 To lye next Her, To you our Quire is free

[p. 600]

On the Fatal day

Jan: 30 1648

Oh lett that Day from time be blotted quitt
 And lett beleefe oft in next Age be waued
 In deepest silence th' Act Concealed might
 Soe that the King-doms Credit might be sau'd

But if the Power deuine permitted this
His Will's the Law & ours must acquiesse

Curæ loquuntur leues
Ingentes stupent

[p. 601]

Of Inpartial Fate

Here we all the Same Danger run
By the like Destin's we are ledd
Same Misfortune to the Shepeard Come
May attack as well the Crowned head
Our dayes are Spun vpon that wheele
The meanest Subiect & greatest Kinge
To like end th' Fatal Sisters bringe
The thread when Cutt both same Sisers feele

[f. 604]

A Carracter of the Romish
Church by Francisco Petrarca
Laura Can: 106

Fiamma dal ciel su tue treccie piousa

Heauens dire flame sits on thy Curled tresses
O wrech, from scrip & wallet who's become
Both riche & great through those w^{ch} thou oppresses
Soe much reioyces thou when euells Come
A nest of Treasons wher mischeifes bredd
Ther hacht in the o're the World is spread

Wine Bed good Belly chere & pleasant dayes
To All, thy whoredoms to the vtmost shews

[p. 605]

Thy seruants younge & old the wanton playes
This fire wth bellowes Bel-ze-bub blowes
Such is thy life thou wicked Epicure
As to the Heauens thy stinch is gone vp sure

Fountaine of Greefe & woe wraths harbor too
Temple of Heresy Pitt of Errors deepe
In elter times we held thee Rome but now
Babel the peruerse for w^{ch} wee weepe
A shopp of Cousnage prison of Crueltyes
Wher ills mentaind & wher Goodnes dyes

When founded first wast humble Poore & Chast
 Thy hornes against thy Founders now thou lifts
 [p. 606] O shameles Strumpet wher's thy trust now plast
 Is't in th' Adultryes ill gott Goods or Shifts
 Then vnto All great wonder itt will bee
 If Christ in th' End powre nott his wrath on thee¹

[Fiamma dal ciel su le tue trecce piova,
 Malvagia, che dal fiume e dalle ghiande,
 Per l'altru' impoverir se' ricca e grande;
 Poichè di mal oprar tanto ti giova:
 Nido di tradimenti, in cui si cova
 Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande;
 Di vin serva, di letti e di vivande,
 In cui lussuria fa l'ultima prova.
 Per le camere tue fanciulle e vecchi
 Vanno trescando, e Belzebub in mezzo
 Co' mantici e col foco e con gli specchi.
 Già non fosti nudrita in piume al rezzo,
 Ma nuda al vento, e scalza fra li stecchi:
 Or vivi sì, ch'ia Dio ne venga il lezzo.

Fontana di dolore, albergo d'ira,
 Scola d'errori, e tempio d'eresia;
 Già Roma, or Babilonia falsa e ria,
 Per cui tanto si piagne e si sospira.
 O fucina d'inganni, o prigion dira,
 Ove 'l ben more, e 'l mal si nutre e cria:
 Di vivi Inferno; un gran miracol fia,
 Se Cristo teco alfine non s'adira.
 Fondata in casta ed umil povertate,
 Contra tuoi fondatori alzi le corna,
 Putta sfacciata: e dov' hai posto spene?
 Negli adulterj tuoi, nelle mahnate
 Ricchezze tante? Or Constantin non torna;
 Ma tolga il mondo triste che 'l sostiene.²]

¹ See page 245.

² These sonnets are not in the MS.

[p. 612]

Vpon the Horse w^{ch} his Matie
Rode vpon att his Coronation 1660

Hence then Dispaire my hopes why should itt bury
Sence this braue Steed Bredd first was in my Query
Now thus aduanc't wth highest honors loden
Whilst his that bredd him on by most Mens troden
But t'is noe matter Seing tho' hast gott th' Aduance
Then please the Royal Rider wth thy Prance
Soe may thy Fame much rayse thy Prayses higher
Then Chessnut that begott the or Brid-la-dore his Sire

Bridla-dore (Anglicè)
Golden Bridle

[p. 613]

Vulgar Proverbs

None to another freind can be
That to himsele's an enemy

[p. 614]

Of sence & Money & of Faith
Where's the Man that too much hath
Betwixt the Bridle & the Spur
Reason often lodgeth her

In th' house of Foes prepose this End
To gett some Woman for thy freind

[p. 615]

The Hope of Gaine—Abateth paine
Wouldst thou have all thy troubles cease
Then see & heare & hold thy peace
Lait (doe we say) repents the Ratt
When by the Neck has hold the Catt
His thoughts are good & ever best
That carryes Death wthin his brest

[p. 617]

A fatt Earth makes a Horse to labour
But A good Lawyer is an ill Neighbour
Make Night of Night & Day of Day
Soe wth less sorrow live you may

[p. 618]

Pardon to Men that euel be
Unto the God's an injury

When Pride on horseback getteth upp
Loss & shame sitts on the Croup

[p. 620] He that would live in healthfulnes
Must dine wth little & sup^p wth less

[p. 621] As the evening doth the day comend
So life is Praysed by the end

[p. 622] Virtue shewes the greater grace
Shining from a bautious face

[p. 624] Att a rounde Table noe Strife is
Who shal be nearest a good Dish

Dry March Wett Aprel May that's both
Brings plenty wher ther is noe sloth

[p. 625] In a fresh gale
Extend thy Saile

[p. 626] We may be sure still innocence
Beares in itselſe its owne defence

[p. 627] To read & yitt to have learn'd nought
Is like the chase wher nothing's caught

[p. 628] Tis good we should the tongue comānd
Speake litle & more understand
For if from us our words once fall
It is too laite them to recall

Humaine Praise—Is a vaine blaze

[p. 631] Sett on a Seat a Foole e're longe
He'le wagg his Legges or sing a songe

[p. 633] Nature made nothing so sublime
Butt Virtue to the topp will clime

When a whit frost on earth doth lie
Tis a presage then raine is nie

[p. 635] On a womans first Counsel rest
Seldome the Second is the best

Bread Butter & good Cheese
A shield 'gainst death be al these

Pardon give to every one
But to thyselfe allow none.

[p. 637] When Italy is without Fish
When France without Treason is
In England longe noe war we see
Then without Earth the World shall bee.

[p. 638] My contry is in all lands wher
I goe & meet wth true friends ther.

[p. 641]

The teares of France for the
deplorable death of Henry 4
surnamed the Great

Ah is itt then Great Henry soe fam'd
For taming men himselfe by death is tam'd
Whatt eye his glory saw now his sad doome
But must desolue in Teares sigh out his Soule
Soe small a shred of Earth should him intombe
Whos acts deseru'd pocession of the whole

O t'is but fitt for joyes we henceforth mourne
Our songes & mirth into sad plaints we turne
Instead of this great King greefe may raigne here
So thatt in sorrow plung'd our fainting breath
May send our endless sighs to th'highest Sphere
Whilst hopless teares distill vpon the earth

[p. 642]

Yis itt is fitt what else can we returne
Butt teares as offrings to his sacred vrne
Wth them his Sable Marble tombe bedew
No no such armes too weake sence itt apeares
For vs he of his blood too careless grew
Haue we naught else for him butt a few teares

O could our eyes to fontains we distill
T' Would nott abate the least part of our ill
We oft shed teares for simple wrongs oft weepe
Too Conion oft for things of lesser prise
Then lett vs die att this great Monarchs feet
His Tombe th' Alter, our selues, the sacrifice

But who can die if Sisters Fate denies
A closure to our half death trickling eyes
Hauing shut vp those of this warrlike Prince
Atropos so proud's of her royal pray
Her Cypriss into laurels will turne, Sence
Of this great Victor she hath gott the day

[p. 643]

But sence we are ordain'd to sigh & line
And after this ther faitall stroke then giue
Line then complaining this sad shock of Fate
Wher happy days are gone, no ioy appeares
Then mourne & sigh till death our greefe abate
And shew whilst liuing, Life shal wast in teares

[¹ Quoi? faut-il que Henri, ce redouté monarque,
 Ce dompteur des humains, soit dompté par la Parque?
 Que l'œil qui vit sa gloire ores voye sa fin?
 Que le nostre pour lui incessamment dégoutte?
 Et que si peu de terre enferme dans son sein
 Celui qui méritoit de la posséder toute?

Quoi? faut-il qu'à jamais nos joies soyent esteintes?
 Que nos chants et nos ris soyent convertis en plaintes?
 Qu'au lieu de nostre roi le deuil règne en ces lieux?
 Que la douleur nous poigne et le regret nous serre?
 Que sans fin nos sousoirs montent dedans les cieux?
 Que sans espoir nos pleurs descendent sur la terre?

Il le faut, on le doit. Et que pouvons-nous rendre
 Que des pleurs assidus, à cette auguste cendre?
 Arrousons à jamais son marbre triste blanc.
 Non, non, plustost quittons ces inutiles armes!
 Mais puisqu'il fut pour nous prodigue de son sang,
 Serions-nous bien pour lui avares de nos larmes?

Quand bien nos yeux seroyent convertis en fontaines,
 Ils ne sauroyent noyer la moindre de nos peines.
 On espanche des pleurs pour un simple meschef.
 Un devoir trop commun bien souvent peu s'estime.
 Il faut doneques mourir aux pieds de nostre chef.
 Son tombeau soit l'autel et nos corps la victime

Mais qui pourroit mourir? Les Parques filandières
 Desdaignent de toucher à nos moites paupières,
 Ayans fermé les yeux du prince des guerriers.
 Atropos de sa proye est par trop glorieuse;
 Elle peut bien changer ses cyprès en lauriers,
 Puisque de ce vainqueur elle est victorieuse.

Puisqu'il nous faut encor et souspirer et vivre,
 Puisque la Parque fuit ceux qui la veulent suivre,
 Vivons donc en plaignant nostre rigoureux sort,
 Nostre bonheur perdu, nostre joye ravie;
 Lamentons, souspirons, et jusques à la mort
 Tesmoignons qu'en vivant nous pleurons nostre vie.

¹ See page 246. This is not in the MS.

Bewaile bewaile this our great Monarchs fall
 Of Judgment perfait humour pleasing all
 His equal none a Hart wthout all feare
 Perfection such t'would but fall short in prayse
 Enough to' aue serued a World to' aue admird here
 Had nott his equal Justice bound his wayes

Lament lament this Sage & Prudent King
 Thatt hight of Bonty, vigelence in him
 Thatt hart w^{ch} could be mou'd not ouercome
 Virtues here rarely found though we inquire
 Parts I could sooner much admire then sume
 Sence this Achilis a Homer would require

[p. 644] We cañott count the Splendours of his Glorys
 Nor number yitt his signal victorys
 O no for such a subiect were too great
 We aught to prayse what yitt we cannot write
 And hold our peace or to good purpose speake
 He nothing saith doth not to th' full recite

His famous acts once raisd our drouping heads
 His Laurels from the temples was our shades
 End of his Combats ended feares wee're in
 Him only pris'd dispis'd all other Powers
 More gloring to be subiect to this King
 Then if we'ad had some other Kings for ours

But now this Glory's clouded wth a staine
 And now our joy & Mirth ther leaue hath taine
 The Lillys faide as we att this sad Fate
 Downe to the growne ther drouping heads doe bowe
 Seeming as humble as Compassionate
 To crowne his Tombe or else him homage doe

[pp. 645, 646 are blank]

Plaignons, pleurons sans fin cet esprit admirable,
 Ce jugement parfait, cet' humeur agréable,
 Cet hercule sans pair aussi bien que sans peur,
 Tant de perfections qu'en loüant on soupire.
 Qui pouvoient asservir le monde à sa valeur,
 Si sa rare équité n'eust borné son Empire.

Regrettons, souspirons cette sage prudence,
 Cette extrême bonté, cette rare vaillance,
 Ce cœur qui se pouvoit fleschir et non dompter.
 Vertus de qui la perte est à nous tant amère
 Et que je puis plustost admirer que chanter,
 Puisqu' à ce grand Achille il faudroit un Homère.

.¹

Pourroit-on bien conter le nombre de ses gloires?
 Pourroit-on bien nombrer ses insignes victoires?
 Non, d'un si grand discours le dessein est trop haut.
 On doit louër sans fin ce qu'on ne peut escrire,
 Il faut humble se taire ou parler comme il faut,
 Et celui ne dit rien qui ne peut assez dire.

.¹

Jadis pour ses beaux faits nous eslevions nos testes,
 L'ombre de ses lauriers nous gardoit des tempestes,
 La fin de ses combats finissoit nostre effroi.
 Nous nous prisions tous seuls, nous mesprisions les autres,
 Estant plus glorieux d'estre subjects du roi
 Que si les autres rois eussent esté les nostres.

Maintenant nostre gloire est à jamais ternie.
 Maintenant nostre joye est pour jamais finie;
 Les lys sont atterez et nous avecques eux.
 Dafné baisse, chétifve, en terre son visage,
 Et semble par ce geste, humble autant que piteux,
 Ou couronner sa tombe ou bien lui faire hommage.]

¹ Fairfax omits a stanza here.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

RECEIVED

MAY 01 1998

JUN 1 1998

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA

000 264 112 4



Univer
Sou
Lib